

# DAME



# DURDEN,

AND

## TOM BOLIN.

DAME DURDEN kept five serving girls,

To carry the milking pail ;  
She also kept five labouring men,  
To use the spade and flail.

'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate, and Dorothy  
Draggletail ;

And Jolin, and Dick, and Joe, and Jack, and Humphrey  
with his flail.

'Twas John kiss'd Molly,  
And Dick kiss'd Betty,  
And Joe kiss'd Dolly,  
And Jack kiss'd Katy,  
And Dorothy Draggletail,  
And Humphrey with his flail ;

And Kitty was a charming girl to carry the milking pail.

Dame Durden in the morn so soon,  
She did begin to call ;

To rouse her servants, maids and men,  
She then began to bawl.

'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

'Twas on the morn of Valentine,  
The birds began to prate ;

Dame Durden's servants, maids and men,  
They all began to mate.

'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

### Tom Bolin.

TOM BOLIN was a Scotchman born,  
His shoes worn out, and his stockings were torn ;  
His jacket was short, his shirt was thin,  
This is my summer dress, says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin had no stockings to wear,  
He got his mother to foot him a pair ;  
The calf of his leg came down to his shin,  
I'm a delicate fellow, says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin had no breeches to wear,  
He bought him a sheepskin and made him a pair ;  
The flesh side out, and the wool side in,  
They are charming and cool, says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin had no boots to wear,  
He bought him a calfskin to make him a pair ;  
The hair side out, and the flesh side in,  
Look at my new boots, says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin bought him an old gray mare,  
Her back hump'd up, her bones were bare ;

Her legs they were long, her belly was thin,  
She's a villainsome jade, says Tom Bolin.

His saddle was made of an ox's tripe,  
His bridle was made of a bull's windpipe ;  
His cap was made of a woodchuck's skin,  
I'm a terrible fellow, says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin mounted his old mare to ride,  
With his sword and buckler by his side ;  
Away he rode, through thick and thin,  
I'm going a courting, says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin came to a Dutchman's hall,  
And in he went among them all ;  
You impudent fellow, how dare you come in,  
I'm come here a courting, says Tom Bolin.

Sit down, sit down, you're a welcome guest,  
Which of my daughters do you like best ?  
One for beauty, the other for kin,  
I'll marry them both, says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin's wife, and wife's mother,  
All went over to the priest's together ;  
The door it was shut, and the string pull'd in,  
A devil of no priest, says Tom Bolin.

The priest then look'd out of the door,  
He saw three people, but saw no more ;  
Good morning, fair people, won't you come in,  
I'm come to be married, says Tom Bolin.

After wedding, they must needs have a dinner,  
Though nothing provided that's fit for a sinner ;  
Neither fish, flesh, nor any such thing,  
But be of good cheer, says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin and wife, and wife's mother,  
All went over the bridge together ;  
The bridge it broke, and they all fell in,  
The devil go with you, says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin's wife being a very thick squat,  
Out of the water soon she got ;  
Away she went through thick and thin,  
Inquiring for delicate Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin crept into an old hollow tree,  
And very contented he seem'd for to be ;  
The wind did blow, the rain beat in,  
The de'il of no house, says Tom Bolin.

Sold, wholesale and retail, by L. DRAKE, No. 62, Hanover Street, 24, door from Friend Street, Boston.